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RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

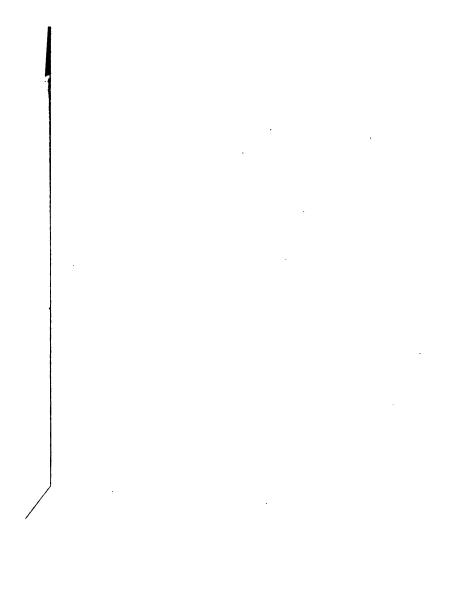
But it's a sadder thing that a man shall forget love And he not dead but walking in the field of a May morning And listening to the voice of the thrush.

> -R.G.A., in A Yearbook of Stanford Writing, 1931

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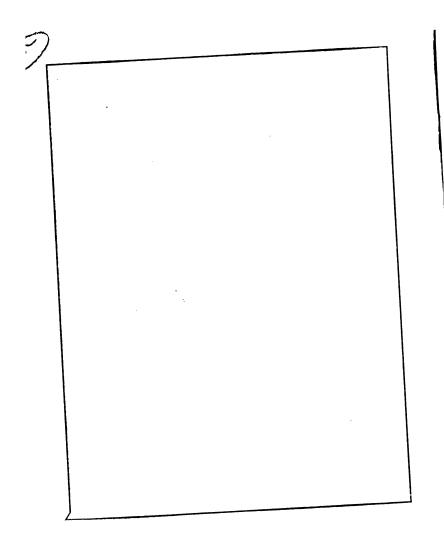
Jo Lawld and Editu-Guedinger best-bishes Jum Bads Worther. Emas 1903



SONGS

OF

FAITH AND HOPE AND LOVE



SONGS

OF

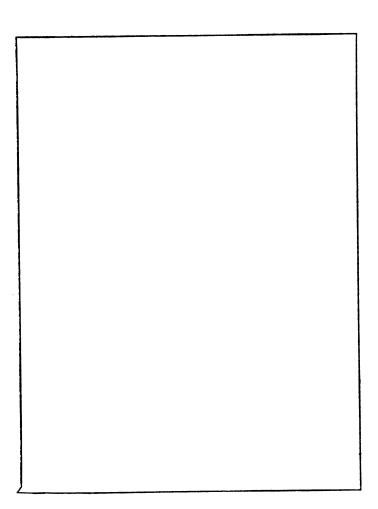
FAITH AND HOPE AND LOVE

BY

MARY BERTHA BRADFIELD

Mondon:

CHARLES H. KELLY
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1898



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SONGS

OF

FAITH AND HOPE AND LOVE

THE TEMPLE

"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."—I KINGS vi. 7.

Often we read afresh the ancient story
(And find its meaning grows)
How the great temple to its strength and glory
All silently arose.

How all the needful clang and clash and clamour The far-off quarries stirred, But there no sound of either axe or hammer Or iron tool was heard.

IPLE

ere all expended ks, the building splendid cks.

patient labour,
eside its neighbour

ere deftly blended er and praise ascended

to us 'tis showing ands t daily growing h hands."

der, holds the plummet e, rom base to summit, Earth is the quarry where He finds and fashions 'Midst tears, and cries, and groans; 'Midst mire of worldliness, and selfish passions, His chosen living stones.

Here is the noise, the turmoil, the confusion,
There shall all tumult cease,
There shall be neither discord nor pollution,
But purity and peace.

Here each is for his rightful place made ready,
All fitting though unlike:—
The hand that holds the tool is always steady
And knows how hard to strike.

But oft it takes a long and painful process From earth to break us loose, And shape us by our troubles and our losses "Meet for the Master's use."

E'en irksome duties, trivial vexations,
May form our souls aright;
May smooth our roughnesses, teach faith and patience,
And make us pure and white.

TEMPLE

se places are the nearest r Stone, nrough sorrows the severest wn.

ed, the sure Foundation," discipline; strokes of strong temptation, ve sin—

pain and self-denial, er fit nortises of trial ould knit.

fitly framed together," ourt, tation," thither n resort.

with a faith undoubting, gun topmost stone with shouting," ble oneA temple for the King of kings, His dwelling "Whom heaven can not contain,"
Where anthems to His praise shall aye be swelling,
And He alone shall reign.

Each stone transfigured, glorified and golden With the Redeemer's love,
Noiselessly groweth, like that temple olden,
"Our Father's house above!"

V'S PRAYER

VS PRAYER

deed, O God,
rthly fane?
abode
can not contain!
uch less
ich we have built?
oft confess
r guilt.

ear attend
vers and vows
ascend
out this house.

r grief, vift reply lief. To Heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Oh, let our prayers arise;
Turn Thou Thy face
To the hearts from whence they rise.
Jehovah, hear!
O Lord our God, forgive!
Most Holy One! draw near
And bid us live.

To every troubled heart,
That knows its own distress,
Thy strength impart
And the joys of holiness.
To Thee is known,
Each secret source of woe;
Thou, Lord, and Thou alone,
Canst help bestow.

When, like the parchèd ground, Our hearts are hard and dry, Do Thou be found Attentive to our cry;

PRAYER

howers bove, its and flowers e.

nd us roll, er us lower, trol ord of power.

usness, ims divine

Thy love
Thy throne,
ve;
hine Own.
know
ike Thee,
bestow,

When sins and doubts assail
And we are forced to fight,
Let us not fail
But conquer by Thy might.
Thine aid we claim
O Lord of hosts! that we
May go forth in Thy Name
To victory!

But if, alas! we yield
To the fell power of ill,
And quit the field
Led captive at his will;
Restore us then
(There's none that sinneth not),
And bring us back again
To this dear spot.

In heaven, Thy dwelling-place, Regard our prayers and sighs; Turn Thou Thy face To the hearts from whence they rise.

PRAYER ear!
od, forgive! 1 draw near live. not failed one word promises; and buckler is. ople guide y perfect rest!
n us aye abide,—
ever blest!

THE OLD MAID

In a quiet English village Which no poet yet has sung, Lives a gentle maiden lady Who is loved by old and young. She is neither rich nor titled: Winter's rime has touched her hair; And her face is lined and wrinkled; Yet full many find her fair. All the love that would have gladdened, Cheered and blessed her own fireside, Had she been a wife and mother She has scattered far and wide. Showering it in rich profusion On each sufferer that she knows: Bringing smiles on pallid faces, Leaving light where'er she goes.

She has not been always lonely,
'Reft of kindred and of ties;
She was once the cherished darling
Of a mother's loving eyes.

D MAID

happy childhood around, d's sweet springtime ull glory crowned. ve full often own of thorns; pring fades quickly pe it adorns. lly risen re eclipse; scarce tasted, ly from her lips. ant fever his poisonous lair, him panic, ick despair. ar her threshold tealthy tread, er, lover, ed with the dead.

benumbed her, eart to stone; ess she wakened, fe alone. And a great and sore temptation On her stricken soul arose. To distrust her Father's goodness And to join her with His foes. For a little while she yielded For her heart was hot with pain, Nor her feelings of rebellion Could she conquer or restrain. Doubts in overwhelming numbers All her walks and ways beset; And the tempter's dark suggestions Everywhere her spirit met. Met her by her lonely fireside Met her when she went abroad:-Then she rallied, boldly, bravely Fighting for her faith in God.

But the conflict grew so deadly,
And so constant was the strife,
That her soul within her fainted
And she wearied of her life.
Till, like Israel's ancient prophet,
She would pray that it might cease;
But she fought a little longer
And she won her way to peace.

Peace, the surer for the struggle,
Joy, the deeper for the woe,
Calm, the sweeter for the tempest
That had laid her shelter low!
For her Father watched above her
When despair her spirit crushed;
And His whisper thrilling through her
All the strife and tumult hushed.
Through the clouds and mists of trouble
Pierced a bright and cheering ray,
And the Angel of His Presence
Turned her darkness into day.

All her earthly life seemed ended;
Worldly hopes and fears were fled;
When she rose to live for others
All the life of self was dead.
Only learning from her anguish,
And the sorrows she has known,
How to lighten others' burdens
And to make their joys her own.

All the little children love her, Clinging fondly round her knee; Youthful lovers bring their secrets For her certain sympathy. She rejoices with the happy;
Bids each kindly impulse live;
And the sinful and the erring
She will pity and forgive.
She is welcome in sad households;
She will patient vigil keep
By the bedside of the dying;
She will weep with those that weep.
But the light that shines within her
Lends a radiance to each tear,
So that rainbow-like it glistens
Telling more of hope than fear.

From the path of love and duty
Never wilfully she swerves,
By her sufferings made perfect
Like the Master whom she serves.
Always treading in His footsteps,
Growing still from grace to grace,
Being changed into His likeness
As she gazes on His Face.
Sometimes wondering at the freedom
Which a conquered sorrow brings,
Like some beautiful child angel
Growing conscious of its wings.

MAID

death's summons
roice of love,
reunion
ouse above?
welcome message
rill she go;
owed in sorrow
il grow.

AUTUMN

The harvest is ended;
The fields, lately splendid
With wheat's yellow waves, are deserted and bare;
Their tide has receded;
And now all unheeded
The large harvest moon sheds her influence there.

With hues brightly blending,
Like rainbows descending,
The trees boast a glory they knew not of old;
Such robes proudly wearing
That envy's declaring
They've stolen the sunset's rich crimson and gold.

The wind, softly sighing,
Says summer is dying,
And nature is powerless her beauty to save;
So, silently grieving,
Is skilfully weaving
The leaves into garlands to cover her grave.

The echoes are sleeping,
And silence is keeping
Her court in the woods where all melodies cease;
While o'er me a feeling
Of sadness is stealing,
Which lingers a moment then changes to peace.

For hope whispers sweetly,
Though summer pass fleetly
Yet winter's dark days will no longer endure.
Oh! happy reflection,
A glad resurrection
Of joys we now bury is certain and sure.

SHADOWS

BEAUTIFUL shadows, spring's messages bringing, Tokens of gladness, not emblems of grief, Over the landscape wild witcheries flinging, Showing the sunshine in stronger relief.

Summer-day's shadows, no brightness obscuring, Shedding not gloom, but soft glory around, Peopling the forest with phantoms alluring, Beckoning ever where beauty is found.

Shadows 'midst foliage lovingly lingering,
Pencilling pictures wherever we pass,
Delicate traceries daintily fingering,
Throwing a mantle of lace o'er the grass.

Changeable shadows, now still and now dancing, Merrily keeping in time with the breeze, On the blue waters so fitfully glancing, Lending fresh charms to the sunlighted seas.

WS

enderly twining, ind my pleasure to-day, sun must be shining: ws, still smile on my way.

s latest caught how the clearest; n of my thought aye the dearest.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

It was Midsummer Eve, and the sun had just set; But his mantle was clothing the heavens as yet; On the loftiest trees he had glanced for awhile, He had thrown on the hill-tops his last ling'ring smile; And the golden-robed clouds, with a courtier-like grace, Were all trying to catch one more glimpse of his face.

When at last he was gone, and the hills and the trees
Had all whispered their latest good-nights to the breeze,
And the clouds all resumed their apparel of grey,
While the nightingale sang a farewell to the day,
And the moon ruled unquestioned the realm of the
night,

Then the haunts of the Midsummer fairies grew bright.

As the brilliant Titania appeared on the scene (Not of fairies alone but of beauty the queen),

GHT'S DREAM"

her presence to greet, where rested her feet, stre shed softly around, ops with which she was

ach listening ear; whispers those accents to

ew zest to our mirth ildren of earth. avours be shown, childhood alone.

n the side of the hill believe in us still, ure our mystical lore; nd hear us no more: ams of delight Midsummer Night."

urmur was heard, when by summer winds Or the ripple of wavelets that break on the sand, And it told of approval from all the bright band. On a task so congenial the chosen ones sped, And a dream-weaving fairy watched each little bed.

Then a hand to the brow of each boy softly stole, And a new world of wonders arose on his soul, As he wandered at will through the wide fairy realm, Sailed o'er oceans of pleasure with joy at the helm, While throughout every pulse of his being there ran With the gladness of childhood the strength of a man.

Thus 'mid scenes of enchantment the hours fled away, Till a lark rose to herald the coming of day.

As the sun's speedy advent he gaily foretold,

And the clouds reappeared in their garments of gold,

Then the spell that had held them in fairyland broke,

The visions departed, the dreamers awoke.

As the years rolled along and the boys grew to men, Though the fairies ne'er watched by their pillows again, Yet the dreams of that night were with destiny fraught, So well was the lesson of loveliness taught, That each heart with a passion for beauty was fired, Each mind with the artist's ambition inspired.

IGHT'S DREAM"

earth might be found
the wide world around.
taly's glow,
'Alps' highest snow:
untains, lakes, forests, or

and of his dreams.

ic were told;
of harmony rolled.
ening crowd,
martial and loud:
umphant his theme,
strains of his dream.

earnestly sought
nastering thought.
cook rightly their place,
vith a fairy-like grace:
caught more than a gleam
is beautiful dream.

realised, filled them with proved a rich dower.

On his roll of renown Time inscribed every name, And they each won a place in the temple of Fame; But their triumph was due to the visions of light Which illumined their slumbers that Midsummer Night.

THE BUTTERFLY

My joy you cannot measure,
Though I'm just a butterfly,
In a happy, careless leisure
Floating 'twixt the earth and sky:
Oh! existence is such pleasure,
Who would not be gay as I?

Now the orb of day is crowning
Earth with gold and jewels bright,
And a flood of sunshine drowning
In a boundless sea of light
All that's dark, or foul, or frowning,
Or akin to gloomy night.

Oh! the glorious summer morning,
Oh! the beauty of the flowers,
Oh! the dazzling hues adorning
All the banks and woods and bowers;
Only folly could be scorning
To enjoy these perfect hours.

I kiss the rose that blushes
Beneath the sun's fixed gaze;
And the lily that ne'er flushes
Shining whiter in his rays;
And my wing the sunflower brushes
As a glory round it plays.

Thus I flit o'er many a garden
By the gentle winds caressed;
Never stopping to ask pardon
Though an uninvited guest:
Ev'n should hearts against me harden
Ling'ring where life pleases best.

Then my ecstasy I double
In a swift enchanted flight;
And I never think of trouble,
For my life is one delight:
If my life is but a bubble
'Tis with rainbow colours bright.

RIVER

RIVER

glide
e
i rest;
eams quiver
my river,
its breast.
my air
and rare
nkled banks the breeze is

stay ny a day ; still is flowing.

d bends friends n the stream. ifter, stronger, onger uteous seem. But although these things we see
Yet we hardly think that we
Are as surely in the same direction going;
For we scarcely seem to move,
And few changes round us prove
That the river still is flowing, still is flowing.

And at times when mists arise
Shutting out the sunny skies,
We some fresh excitement need,
Life appears so dull and vapid
That we wish the pace more rapid,
And would fain increase our speed.
But although we hoist a sail,
Oft it proves of small avail,
For the wind we want is very rarely blowing:
So our fate we must endure,
Yet the tide though slow is sure,
And the river still is flowing, still is flowing.

When we feel it flowing fast
Through a scene too fair to last,
Then we vainly strive to catch
Each delight that swiftly passes
Clutching at the bank's tall grasses,
But we break them as we snatch;

RIVER

sadly find behind, ruggle, surely knowing eld a force in our course, ring, still is flowing.

with dread
ahead,
p and dirge-like sound,
shiver
restless river
n in the ground.
nce within,
noise and din;
es to us, showing
ge ends
s descends,—
ng, still is flowing.
is a clime
wer of Time,

es there brighter, purer, der, surer eyes could bear. And we hope that we shall rest
On its glassy, fiery breast,
While the tree of life upon its banks is growing,
And that we shall gladly find,
Though this world is left behind,
Life's fair river still is flowing, still is flowing.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

The day is gone, the last red glow
Has faded from the west;
I am well pleased it should be so
For now I want to rest.
I'm glad the bustle and the noise
Of life will soon be past;
I long, not for triumphant joys,—
But for my home at last.

I think the soldier who had won
A long-contested fight,
And knew at last his conflict done,
Would want to rest one night
Before the thought of triumph thrilled
With rapture through his frame,
Before he dwelt on dreams fulfilled
Of victory and fame.

And I,—who see no glorious strife,
As looking back I stand,
Who lived an ordinary life,
Not marvellous or grand;
Who owned no wondrous strength or skill,
Whose days were common days;
Who am "unprofitable" still,
And claim no meed of praise,—

I'm like a child who all day long
Has on a journey been,
Who in the morn with laugh and song
Greeted each passing scene;
Who even thought Old Time's express
Was wonderfully slow,
And wished, in boyish eagerness,
That it would faster go.

Who talked of home with childlike dreams
Of what that home would be:
Pictured the meadows, woods, and streams
He by and by would see;
Yet never in the morning hours
The journey's end desired,
Knew not the limit of his powers,
Nor thought he might grow tired.

E JOURNEY

nite forgot d bound, ach fair spot round: ly smile, g tried, for a while

ad to change speed strange, need; hand, and fear oice ime could cheer, oice.

ving on,

gone; eyes; ve lost their charms, oam; 's arms, at home.

And I would ask no glorious death,
No rapturous release,
Only to calmly yield my breath
And pass away in peace.
Only to catch those accents mild,
The "still, small voice" of love,
Whispering, "Go to sleep, my child,
And thou shalt wake above."

Of what the morn may bring to me
I feel nor doubt nor fear
The while I grasp this certainty
My Father will be near.
Held in His arms, with my tired head
Close pillowed on His breast,
Wrapped in a love that shuts out dread,
I fain would sink to rest.

R FROM HOME"

from home arthly days, oam ally raise; the way beguile fs awhile.

te we know
still our place;
g to go
face to face;
xile o'er,—
vermore.

l of love little here, above shall be clear light has cast of the past. There heart with heart shall blend,
Perfect in purity;
And friend shall meet with friend
In glad security,
That neither death, nor time, nor space
Can change or hide a cherished face.

No obstacles shall bar
Our progress to the truth;
We'll roam from star to star,
Strong in immortal youth:
Each secret nature has concealed
To us in God's own time revealed.

No prejudice shall blind,
No haunting doubts perplex,
No hateful habits bind,
No disappointments vex
Our souls, to Godlike stature grown,
Knowing as we ourselves are known.

There discontent is dead,
Each restless yearning stilled;
Each fear for ever fled;
Each happy dream fulfilled;
Each wound is healed, each tear is dried;
Heart, mind, and soul are satisfied.

V FAR FROM HOME"

ed within;
come no more;
world, and sin,
trife is o'er:
d the victory,
lives shall be.

e often burned home to reach, ally learned earth can teach; the prize is won, say, "Well done."

ray it seems
nome belongs;
our dreams
its songs:—
inor chord,
ever with the Lord."

On! visit me, Thou Love Divine,
And set my spirit free;
The power to burst my bonds is Thine;
Yet like a captive bird I pine,
And long for liberty.

While the sweet songs that o'er me float
Of freedom's gladness tell,
The dust of earth defiles my throat,
And stifles every liquid note
Which from my heart would well.

A vain, unequal strife I wage,
With these strong bars around;
I spend my strength in useless rage,
And beat my wings against the cage
That holds me to the ground.

U LOVE DIVINE"

my prison breaks, e to Thee, awakes, r plumage shakes, t she is free.

cloudless skies, and sings; beneath me lies, ace to meet me flies, e on her wings,

THY WILL BE DONE

Our Father: at Thy feet we bow, Through Jesus Christ Thy Son: Oh let Thy Spirit help us now To say, Thy will be done.

And if the words in murmurs die, The power to speak them send; Though inarticulate our cry Yet Thou canst comprehend.

Each gift with which Thy love can bless We ask for in this prayer, Our holiness and happiness Are both included there.

Thy will be done, then shall each cross Bring more of peace than pain, And temporary grief and loss Insure eternal gain.

BE DONE

en we shall find all restore, ave behind is before."

vard move, dance given ing-blocks shall prove s to heaven.

out this prayer
by,
it we bear
of joy.

rinity!
it! Son:
n, faith in Thee,
e done.

My God, I bring to Thee
A wayward will,

The weapon which long since Thou gavest me To fight with ill:

I bring it back with shame,

Not strong and straight as from Thy hands it came,

Warped, weakened, and misused,

Bent, broken, and abused,—

Thou seest it now, yet, Lord, it bears Thy impress still.

The staff which might have dealt Death to Thy foes,

Is now so crooked that Thy friends have felt

Its backward blows;

So weak, that when I leant

Upon it heavily it slipped and bent;

Often, with awkward twist,

Its aimed-at mark it missed;

Grown treacherous alike in action or repose.

'Tis in such plight that now I bring it Thee,

Fearing, too, faults and flaws which only Thou, O Lord, canst see.

Thou, who didst make, canst mend,
Therefore I beg of Thee to condescend
In Thy strong hands to take it,

Nor weaken it, nor break it,

But re-make straight and strong, then give it back to me.

A staff the wrong to fight, The right maintain;

A staff symbolic of Thy sovereign right

To rule and reign;

A staff on which to rest

Should Faith grow tired or Hope forsake my breast;

If Love herself, to try

My constancy, should fly,

A staff to feel my way until she comes again.

Now at Thy feet it lies;
Thy own reclaim:
Ev'n should I dare Thy acts to criticise,

Work Thou the same;

Abandon not the task
(Tho' it may be I know not what I ask),
Till power and skill Divine
Have made my will like Thine,
Then, in clear characters, inscribe thereon Thy Name.

ION

and she seemed to be nun, by of her life away n.

on the other side her not; and chill, said they, our lot.

ne would raise her veil, er face n their fairest dreams eavenly grace.

ll of fruits and flowers, ousness, and joy, and love, ace. But to those far off her veil still seemed With gloom to enfold her round, And only the joy in her comrades' eyes Told of the angel they'd found.

GE

at their birth, ike things of earth." MONTGOMERY.

way!

-

erish'd, form;

t storm; ving care;

arnest prayer;

! dead!

ly bright elonged not to earth; And fear'd that it might
One day take flight
To the fairer land of its birth.
But, alas! not with wings outspread
Has it scaled the skies,
But with drooping head,
And wings like lead,
Cold and dead,
Low it lies!

'Twas tenderly nursed
When the cold wind of Doubt had chill'd it;
Tho' we dreaded the worst
We would not at first
Admit that the storm had killed it.
But vainly we strive
To keep Hope alive
When near us we know
Her deadliest foe,
Despair, to lurk;
And to fan life's embers
With feverish breath,
While the heart remembers
The presences

tfelt grief,

gle was past, as dead, fled!

and!
d
lost Hopes sleep.
ath
ver,
er
h.

y,
ion
mb;
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rrection.

The Past is past;
Its joy and its peace could not last;
We will not keep its pain and its strife;
Let both be behind us cast:—
And now for Life!

ATION

CATION

bloweth
free,
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I sea,
he knoweth,
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;
nd blow,
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weakly;
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Trouble, great spirit,
All healing springs:
Inspire life, stir it,
Sweep all its strings.
Oh, unseen spirit,
To hear thy wings!

Come, chase diseases;
Fill drooping sails;
Come as soft breezes,
Or keen, rough gales:
Howe'er it pleases
Thee, come—life fails.

Though clouds be driven,
Though lashed the sea,
Though forests be riven,
I'll welcome thee.
Come, wind from heaven
And come to me!

IME

sorrows art stealing,
ld man with the scythe,
ving? death-dealing?
to laughs while we writhe?

ess, relentless, uty, nor strength, eaves all scentless, nes at length—

, repairer e force of each blow, t fairer ed on its pride long ago—

essly turning
hen old into new;
are learning
e false from the true—

Time, mocking spirit in whom we discover
A love to perplex us and play us strange tricks,
Just for the pleasure of bowling them over
Building our lives as a boy builds his bricks—

Light is thy touch as the touch of a feather, Heavy as Sinbad's "old man of the sea": Spite of the years we have journeyed together Time, thou'rt an unsolved enigma to me.

IFT

room one day; ance to say him nay, y way.

d him loosely thrown, , alone, dred known.

th her roof, or warp and woof, er sole behoof.

's sudden entrance broke, tep awoke: ere he spoke.

hy surprise, blushes rise, tten in her eyes. And, though from his the answer clearly came, Her lips were holden by a guiltless shame; She knew him, but she would not speak his name.

"I bring a gift for thee," at length he said; And on her heart there fell a sudden dread:— What causeless shadow gathered round his head?

Was Fancy playing tricks? Could this strange gloom Which shrouded him and chilled and changed the room Be but a product of that facile loom?

His voice,—which past all guards resistless stole Into the holy of holies of her soul, Where echoes from no other e'er should roll,—

Could pain the keynote of its music be? She feared it, and so fearing, bent her knee:— "'What time I am afraid I trust in Thee,'"

Were her first words, but ere she was aware Love touched her, and his presence filled her prayer As scent of flowers fills the summer air. She clasped her hands and pressed them on her brow, As if to shut him out, and pleaded—"Thou Who see'st and hear'st me always, help me now.

"If Love" (then first she called him so) "be sent By Thee, it is enough, I am content; I bid him welcome, and will not repent.

"But if he come through any thought of mine, Any unguarded wish that is not Thine, Bid him depart—Thou, who hast power divine.

"And if Thou bid him stay, oh let Thy wing Brood over him and make a holy thing The joy or sorrow he to me may bring."

She knew that she was heard and answered, when She heard him softly echo her "Amen," And calmly rose and put her question then.

"Is thy gift pain?" For answer, soft and low, He asked, "Dost thou refuse it? Shall I go?" The maiden trembled, but she whispered, "No." He spoke again, "And canst thou for my sake Yield the long-cherished hopes that I must take?" She bent her head, but thought her heart would break.

Then, with a look that all her pain repaid, A heavy burden at her feet he laid. She took it up:—and long as life he stayed.

But in his face such strength and comfort shone, She never, as the weighted years rolled on, Regretted that he came, or wished him gone.

While Fancy's loom, at work for her once more, Wove, not the rainbow-coloured dreams of yore, But the white mystic garments which he wore.

And, growing wise to tell pure gold from dross, Love's gift the maiden found life's gain, not loss, And wore as crown what erst she bore as cross. If I might only grasp your hand, And look my love and sympathy, You could not fail to understand How grief of yours is grief to me.

Words oftener hurt than heal a wound;
Whate'er of comfort I would say
Has still a harsh and grating sound;
So I can only kneel and pray

That He, to whom a sigh can reach,
By whom each voiceless cry is heard,
Whose love's too near for need of speech,
Will heal your heart without a word.

A CRY OF PAIN

O LORD, my feet are torn and tired, My strength is well-nigh spent, To my sick sight the path swims round, And I would be content

To climb no farther, to forego
The prospect at the top,
The purer air, the clearer light,
If Thou would'st let me stop.

The hills are cold and steep tow'rds which Presumptuously I pressed—

The home of fierce and cruel storms—

Let me come down and rest.

It may not be. Thy silence says
Thou wilt not have it so.

Canst Thou be answering thus the prayers
I offered long ago?

Are these the thorns that pierced Thy brow?

These blood-drops, can they be
The baptism wherewith I wished
To be baptized with Thee?

I knew not what I asked when I
Desired Thy cup to drink:
Others must sit at Thy right hand:
For me—I fail, I shrink.

That hope is dead; the very wish

Now waxes faint and dies,—

Lord! is that Thou who look'st at me

With such deep troubled eyes?

Art Thou the Man of Sorrows still?
And dost Thou grieve for me?
Can aught I do or leave undone
Make difference to Thee?

I thought Thou wert far off in bliss; I thought my cry unheard. Forgive me, Lord! I did not mean Each weak, wild, wicked word. I never dreamt of wounding Thee:
Forgive me, I have sinned.
Remember I am dust, exposed
To many a bitter wind.

I failed when striving to endure,
So that I might attain
To heights which only can be scaled
By the steep steps of pain.

The stoic pride I leaned on proved A treacherous, broken staff; And hope of heaven and fear of hell Fled with a mocking laugh.

But since Thou lovest me, Thy love Shall stronger motive be; I will climb upward, not for self, But just for love of Thee. winds

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Of constant growth. So in her sweet, sad song, I heard past sorrow and felt present peace.

I poured a cup of costly wine for him;
Rich, fragrant wine, my choicest and my first,
With a full heart I filled it to the brim:
But ere he saw it he had quenched his thirst;
So passed it by untasted.
Ah me! my wine is wasted!

What shall I do with it? He needs it not;
I cannot pour it back from whence it came.
Watching its sparkles rise my eyes are hot
With scalding tears that will not fall for shame
That e'er unasked I hasted
To pour the wine now wasted.

And yet 'tis his; his only; nor can I
Permit another from his cup to sip.
Drink deep myself? Suppose I drain it dry
What can it 'vantage him? If by my lip
Alone this wine is tasted,
Is it, think you, not wasted?

I wonder if I poured it at his feet
If any benefit he could obtain;
Might it but lay the dust, shed odour sweet,—
Alas! I fear it would his sandals stain.
Better untouched, untasted,
Than thus be worse than wasted.

I would my wine were water: he might use
It then, perhaps, if but to lave his hands;
Cold, clear, pure water he could scarce refuse.
This useless wine neglected, spoiling stands.
Shall it be aye untasted?
Must it be wholly wasted?

Can I not use it as a medicine,
A cordial for hearts which faint or ache?
Might not some one, feeling its glow within,
Ev'n render him some service for my sake?
So shall my wine be tasted.
O Love! can love be wasted?

"THE SECRET OF THE LORD"

THERE are some souls who live so near To God, He whispers in their ear His secret counsels without fear.

They listen and their eyes grow bright; They look at earth in heaven's own light; And faith is hallowed into sight.

The many mysteries which are rife In this strange world,—the sin, the strife, The twisted, tangled web of life,

Whose patterns seem so undesigned, The good and evil intertwined, God's laws by Satan countersigned,

Innocent failure, foul success,
Toil reaping nought but emptiness,
Problems of pain, which throng and press

Perplexingly each path we tread,
The death which seems to snap each thread,—
No more to them cause doubt or dread.

God's voice, vibrating through the soul, Makes all life's various discords roll Together, one harmonious whole.

His light reveals, transforms, combines, Till clashing colours, crookèd lines Take on the beauty He designs.

But what these hear they cannot tell; God's secret is unspeakable; They can but say that "All is well."

The broken words in which they try To paint what meets their inner eye, And share with us the vision high,

But well-worn commonplaces seem, Weak and unworthy of their theme, Or fragments of a mystic's dream. This is perhaps their keenest pain, That souls upon a lower plane Should ask, "How can this be?" in vain.

For love within them burns and glows; They'd leave their heights to succour those Who faint 'neath fears, and doubts, and woes.

Yet, unawares, when they draw near, We breathe their quickening atmosphere Of sunny trust, strong, bracing, clear.

Such are the friends of Christ's own choice. Lord, give us ears to hear Thy voice, Pure hearts, to see Thee and rejoice!

OUTSIDE

A CURTAIN is flung back—the light
Takes one quick leap into the night,
Then rushes back to the bright inside;
Leaving the darkness dense and drear
To one who slowly drags him near
Outside.

There is a table richly spread

For many a guest, there will be bread

To spare when all are fed, inside;

He is too faint to break his fast

Even if food were found at last

Outside.

Grouped round the fire, in gay pretence
Some shiver, just to make the sense
Of comfort more intense, inside;
He, almost too benumbed to feel,
Shrinks from the winds that stab like steel
Outside.

There's talk, there's laughter,—happy noise Of children shouting o'er their toys; There's hope of future joys, inside; There's silence,—neither plaint nor prayer, Only a dull and dumb despair

Outside.

There's love, with tender, thoughtful eyes, So quick to note and sympathise If ever tears should rise, inside; In lonely and unnoted woe The salt drops freeze ere they can flow Outside.

There's life, with all its mystery, Emotion, action, energy, Life glad and full and free, inside; There's failing pulse, there's fitful breath, There's clouded brain.—Help, ere there's death Outside!

THE IRISHWOMAN'S PLEA FOR HER HUSBAND

LOCK up my Pat? put him to gaol?
Oh no, your honour, no!
Sure, if you only knew my Pat,
You wouldn't serve him so.
He wouldn't harm me for the world;
I'll take my oath of that.
If I am bruised and knocked about
It's not the fault of Pat.

Lying, am I? Your honour, no;
Forgiving? No, for see
With all my heart and soul I hate
The thing that injured me.
I can't forget and won't forgive
Those shameful, cruel blows;
But 'tisn't Pat I blame for them,
As God above us knows.

If I hold little Micky's hand
It's me, not him, that writes;
And when the whisky's in Pat's head
It's that, not him, that fights.
When once it's gone and he's himself
He suffers more than me:
Then why should he bear all the blame,
And that vile stuff go free?

When whisky did me all the harm,
Your honour, is it fair
It should be found in every street,
And Pat locked up in there?
Put the real sinner in your gaol:—
It's safe and glad I'll be
If you'll only lock the whisky up,
And let my Pat go free.

FORGIVEN

(A proud man, now ruined and dying, has wronged financially a friend whose abilities he has always despised. A visitor bids him "hope to be forgiven.")

YES, I have wronged him. I acknowledge it.

(What good to lie when death is standing near?)

And by that wrong he has the right to sit

In scornful judgment on my whole career;

To brand me swindler, hypocrite, and knave,

Till men shall curse or blush to pass my grave.

Well, I've acknowledged it: I've kissed the dust!
What more can be demanded? Let me be!
All's gone; no rag of honour's left; no crust
Is mine save bitterest bread of charity.
Now life itself is following fast, and I
Must face the rest: leave me alone to die!

Hope! did you say? What hope? The merest spark Would show me something in this awful gloom; Now there is nothing but myself and dark, Deep, dreadful darkness reaching to the tomb: I shrink and cower, nor even try to grope:—Mock not my misery by naming hope.

Forgiveness! was that then the hope you meant?

That if I beg and pray and sore entreat

He may say, "I forgive," his anger spent,

His pride appeased by seeing me at his feet:—

My God! my God! of all for which I've striven,

This the hope left me—just to be forgiven!

I, who so nobly purposed, meant to be
A tower of strength where weaker ones might hide;
Who dreamed that men might owe so much to me
That they could never pay it, though they tried
And tried till this old earth was turned to heaven:
And now you bid me "hope"—"to be forgiven!"

Forgiven, and by him! Scarce could I bow
My soul to take his pardon. His meek look
Would madden me; his touch would scorch me now;
His scorn and hatred I can better brook.

How should I ask his mercy? sue for grace
Which, proffered, fain I'd fling back in his face!

And yet I never meant him harm; nor thought
When first he trusted me there was a chance
That I could fail to double all he brought:—
Myself so much the abler—with a glance
I took his measure, simple, trusting fool,
One whom a worse man might have made a tool.

I see it now. That's where the wrong began.

I stood so proudly, deemed myself in all
Wiser and stronger than my fellow-man;
Nor dreamed that aught could tempt me to my fall.
Or if hell had a bribe which might suffice
The world and all its glory was my price.

And when things first went wrong had I but dared To say "My judgment failed me," own the loss And face it bravely, this had all been spared;
But pride stood, armed from head to foot, across The one straight path. The rest 'tis hard to tell—I was a coward, and I fled and fell.

I fell so easily too. I did not need
The devil's trap baited with special care;
Just the old vulgar sin of which we read
From day to day sufficed my feet to snare.
And naught was gained, no recompense for sin,
Not even the wretched stake I played to win.

O cursèd, treacherous pride! Now scourged by shame I writhe in vain:—naught can undo the ill Which I have wrought, give back a stainless name, Or a clear conscience:—shall pride rule me still? Nay, verily: humbled at last I bow; With broken heart I ask forgiveness now.

His wrong is great, even greater than my woe.

Will he not spurn my prayer? Who speaks to me?
O God! his voice! "Forgiven, long ago!"
Before I asked him—No, it cannot be:
And yet—— My God! Father who art in heaven!
Thou wilt forgive me, for he has forgiven!

"IT WAS MEET THAT WE SHOULD MAKE MERRY AND BE GLAD"

Come join the holy ones above, Let heartfelt praise resound; Welcome a wanderer back to love; And sing a lost one found.

He lives again who once was dead,
Is sane who once was mad;
Who starved on husks has found true bread;
Make merry and be glad.

No more a thrall in far-off lands, Both home and freedom won, Close by his Father's side he stands, No servant, but a son.

He finds for scorn love warm and true;
For rags the robe and ring;
For loathed tasks good work to do;
Give thanks, rejoice and sing.

How can we, standing far aloof,
Bear in this song no part;
Or bring beneath our Father's roof
A proud and angry heart?

O Thou! who deignest us to entreat To share Thy joy with Thee, We gladly own rejoicing meet; Warm shall our welcome be.

When our lost brother home has come, Found after many days, Shall angels sing and we be dumb? We joy, give thanks, and praise.

A PRAYER

March 1897

LORD, if earth's kings assemble
Their might against Thy right,
And rulers all take counsel
Thy purposes to fight,

Lord, have them in derision:

Lord, laugh them all to scorn!

And in this travail anguish

Let liberty be born.

Thou sittest in the heavens;
Before Thee, who can stand?
The winds, and waves, and storm-clouds
Thou holdest in Thy hand;

Man's very wrath shall praise Thee When Thou dost so ordain; And we (O Lord, have mercy) Against Thee fight in vain.

Our ears are dull of hearing, Our heart is waxen gross, Our eyes by self are blinded; Lord, make us know our loss,

And, ere Thy hot displeasure And kindling anger burn, Oh shake our careless slumber; Force us to rouse and turn.

Break Thou our bonds asunder, Ev'n tho' they be of gold; Bid faith and courage waken, As in the days of old;

To England give a leader
Who humbly follows Thee;
And the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory Thine shall be!

WHOSE WORK SHALL LIVE?

WHOSE work shall live? in what must that be wrought,
Which neither chance, nor change, nor time can humble?
Stone gives no immortality to thought:

All pictures fade; temples and statues crumble:

Ev'n words, which once were living tongues of flame Grow cold and die, their form and spirit sever:— For him alone who shapes men's souls we claim His work shall live for ever and for ever.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

GIVE me humility, I prayed:

And then God struck my pride;
Blow followed blow, till, in the dust laid low,
And full of wounds it died.

Why humble me like this, O Lord?
I moaned in my despair:
O blind and slow, said God, to see and know
Thine own accepted prayer!

THE HOUSE THAT HOPE BUILT

Now the nightingales and thrushes Sing a tuneful lullaby As her children Nature hushes; For the day has closed its eye, And its rosy slumber flushes The white pillows of the sky.

Lethe must be near me flowing,
For the unseen hands of air
Steal its waters and, unknowing
What a priceless gift they bear,
Brief oblivion are bestowing,—
Respite from the reign of care.

From the stars there's slumber streaming, Soon a golden track 'twill make, A highway by which dreaming Souls their way to cloudland take. What is real? what is seeming?

Do I sleep, or do I wake?

Gladly I welcomed the twilight grey
As she silently covered the sleeping day
With her filmy veil, and cloud curtains drew
Till the hour for waking should strike anew.
I was aweary of heat and light,
And my soul drank deeply of the night.
A slumbrous spirit possessed the breeze
Which drowsily wandered amongst the trees,
Whispering low with a half-drawn sigh
To leaves too lazy to make reply;
And the birds grew sleepy and ceased their song
As the moments on tiptoe stole along.

Then the spirit drew near to me,
And I yielded unresistingly,
As he bound my frame leaving fancy free;
He kissed my eyes and caressed my hand
And carried me off to a new dream land
Where all was familiar yet all was strange,
For on well-known objects some nameless change
Had passed, was passing, and to my view
The landscape momently fairer grew.

Before me a beautiful palace stood, Embodying all I had dreamed of good, All I had known or imagined fair
Seemed to be concentrated there.
What was it like? I cannot tell;
I only know that it pleased me well;—
Its basement hidden by climbing flowers,
Clouds nestling 'midst its lofty towers,
And the whole suffused with a golden glow
Tho' the sun had departed long ago.

If this be real, I murmured, then
The days of Aladdin are come again.
What wondrous geni has so guessed
The inmost secrets of my breast—
Wishes I fancied safely hidden,
And vain regrets more vainly chidden—
And then with the power and the will to bless
Fashioned a home for my happiness.
I will enter, I said, this charmèd gate,
And never again be desolate.

Like icy airs which tell That storms are hovering near, Then a cold, foreboding fear Upon my spirit fell, As a mocking voice in my ear, A voice which I knew too well, Said, "Is it indeed for thee? Hast thou quite forgotten me?"

Forward, backward, and around I cast a startled glance;
Now the skies above me frowned,
And dark shadows on the ground
Seemed to gaze at me askance.
Whence came that ominous sound
Which had stopped my pulse's bound,
Stol'n my gladness, and instead
Left me only doubt and dread?

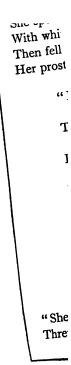
And I looked so fearfully
(Like a child half dead with fright
Who dreads a ghost at night,
Yet the ghost and his fears would fight
With all his little might),
That at first I did not see
Beneath a yew-tree's gloom
A shadowy presence loom,—
A something undefined
Of seeming giant size,

But so wrapped in many a formless fold,
So mixed with the yielding yew behind,
That nothing was clear but eyes
As sharp as steel and as cold,
Which emitted a fitful, freezing gleam,
Like the glitter of ice 'neath the moon's pale beam.

"Dost thou like my home?" Then I knew my fate. Those words shut close that charmed gate. "Didst thou deem it thine? There are few, I ween, But have thought it theirs when it first was seen. For none who gaze on a sight so fair Could guess that I am the master there, An, 'twere not for the tales the sad ones tell Who know my place of abode too well. Yet the warnings of those who have passed before Never turned one traveller from my door; Each, treading the path which his foot must tread, Somewhen and somewhere sees my palace ahead:-Not the same to all—to one it may Crown the rugged cliffs of a rock-girt bay; Rearing its shapely towers on high 'Twixt the fathomless blue of the sea and the sky; Where the sea-birds wail, and the thwarted waves Thunder in subterranean caves.

Another will see it where men are thickest, Where the pulse of humanity beats the quickest, In the press of the labour, the heat of the strife, The rush of the tumult and movement of life. Or, nestling in some sequestered nook, Islanded by a babbling brook; Hidden by overhanging trees; And known to few but the birds and the bees. Or, far up on a mountain side, Where the air is pure and the prospect wide. But beautiful evermore it seems, Shaped by the heart's most cherished dreams. Men call it the Palace of Happiness: Swift, thronging footsteps towards it press, And they pass unheeded, who cry, 'Beware! A mocking spirit holds empire there!' I call it Hope's Folly; because you see It was Hope who built it all for me."

"'Tis false! 'tis false!" I wildly cried,
Although my heart my words belied;
"Hope, so charming, so dainty, so sweet,
Dare not to call her a slave or a cheat!
Beautiful Hope!" here my enemy took



What a change it wrought! at my icy breath
She shuddered, and shrank, and grew cold as death:
The shock of an agonised surprise
Drove the bloom from her cheek, the light from her eyes.
She spoke no word, but she blindly turned,
With white hands outstretched as in darkness to grope,
Then fell prone at my feet, and with triumph I spurned
Her prostrate form—I had conquered Hope.

"But so cold and still she lay,
Her lips so ashen grey,
That a sudden sickening dread
Upon me fell as I
Divined that I must die
If Hope indeed were dead.
In an agony of fear
I bent and strained my ear
To catch her softest sigh;
And glad was I to hear
At length a feeble moan,
And then to see in her opening eye
Not life, but reason, had left its throne.

"She raised her head and, as if in a trance, Threw on me a strange, unmeaning glance; Then suddenly to her feet she sprang, And with a wild laugh which round me rang Like a shout of assured victory, She fled and left her palace to me.

"As she wandered and wandered without an aim, It chanced that her sister Faith she met; For one brief moment her eyes were wet With tears of bitterest grief and shame, As sinking before her and clasping her knee, She told her tale unconnectedly: The next her anguish she seemed to forget, And laughed and shouted as if in glee.

"Alas, for Hope! (joy, joy to me!)
And alas for Faith! dismayed, perplexed,
Fearing lest she should be victim next,
'It is time I looked to my steps,' said she;

And her clouded eyes
She withdrew from the skies,
And tremblingly 'gan to walk by sight:
But the light she had followed, the heavenly light,
Vanished as she looked down, and instead
She saw the pitfalls and snares I had spread
For her feet; whilst doubts, grim, phantom shapes
Made mouths at her like gibbering apes,

Muttering and pointing all around,
Before, behind, 'Lo there! Lo here!
Untrod by us no path is found':—
Faith stopped her ears that she might not hear;
And shut her eyes that she might not see;
Then groping and stumbling met with me.
I found her, fainting, an easy prey;
So blindfolding her I led her astray.

"Far, far I led her; at length in a dark And pathless wood I uncovered her eyes; The will o' the wisp's deceitful spark Was glimmering there; to my glad surprise, She took it at once for the light from heaven Which erst to guide her steps was given; And she followed straightway, through brake and marsh, Wherever she could the light discern, Followed in pain, and her voice grew harsh, And her expression cold and stern: Yet many a one for her has died: And men feel safer by her side, Even when through thorny wildernesses After the will o' the wisp she presses. Now some say she is growing old; And her speedy death is oft foretold.

But I think she will live; I hope so; though I Should have killed her long since if she could die.

"And Hope, in spite of her madness,
Is charming and sweet as ever.
To all who will heed her she flings
Sweet promises as she sings
Of days that shall know no sadness,
Of friends whom nought shall sever,
Of beauty and music and gladness,
And blue skies clouded never;
Of the palace she builded so fair,
Of its pleasures and treasures so rare—
Thus, bound by the cord of her witchery,
She leads her listeners straight to me:
But as soon as the palace comes in sight
Hope shudders, remembers, and takes her flight."

"Do none," I asked, "ever enter within?

Dost thou relentlessly lie in wait

For all Hope's dupes outside the gate?"

"Not for all," he said; "there are some who win

The longed-for goal. Men count them blest,

But they fare no better than the rest.

Better, nay worse, for they meet with me Not once nor twice but continually. They enter; across the halls, And on the pictured walls My shadow coldly falls: I have left a lurking gloom In each luxurious room; In the music, the undertone Is a chant of my own; I stain the marble's whiteness: I dim the diamond's brightness; And what men have taken for wealth untold I show to be nought but fairy gold. (Some hide it away from the telltale light, And count and finger it o'er by night.) Fame comes, I cheapen her praises; The lips of Beauty I chill, And look from the fairest faces: The banqueting hall I haunt. Each sated guest knows a nameless want;

And evermore I distil
Such sickening sameness out of life's best wine,
That, loathing the taste of their own success,
Men secretly fret and pine
To leave this false Palace of Happiness.

"But their grief of griefs is this
That Hope herself has fled;
In vain they woo her; her smile, her kiss,
Her sweet inconsequent songs they miss;
She is silent as the dead.
Whilst I—I stand in her stead;
Then they curse, not me, but her and vow
To brand 'Deceiver' on her brow;

And, with passions deeply stirred,

They call her 'Liar' and 'Cheat';

Yet would she vouchsafe them a word,

They would kneel before her and kiss her feet."

"Better," I said, "to be doomed to wait
With empty hands at the closed gate;
Better the pitiless 'No' of fate
Than the seeming gain and the phantom bliss
Which change to thee as we clasp and kiss.
O sweet lost Hope, so cruelly kind!
O sad lost Faith, so strangely blind!
Farewell! farewell! but, boaster, thou
Say'st nought of Love. Dar'st thou avow
Thyself her lord? Say, can it be
That she is also slave to thee?"

nearer he drew to me, ;hed in scorn and mockery.

nou not seen them, the troops of loves ander by moonlight in the groves; noing with Hope, learn from her to beguile, e toss of her curls and the trick of her smile; u not heard them, the sirens whose strain will in its mould howe'er reason complain? u not stretched forth thy hand to clasp which ever eluded thy grasp?

ow'st them; their presence thy spirit craves; they not one and all my slaves?"

eper scorn I shook my head.
I not of loves, but of LOVE," I said.
iffer as gods from GOD. Thou hast right
thy empire o'er such as slight
th for this crowd of lies. Their power
elt (to my shame) in an idle hour;
heart homage I yielded them none,
end my knee to the True, the One.
Love?" His cloak from his shoulders fell;
id, "Of her I have nought to tell."
to tell! Were those Hope's blue eyes
now towards the skies?

And was it Faith she leant upon? Faith blind no more. . . .

But the vision was gone,
And I turned again to my enemy,
Who in that flash of Love's own light,
Shrank to a dwarf before my sight,
"Since still thou bear'st me company
I will learn of thee what thou can'st teach;
Speak, I have power to compel thy speech:
I adjure thee by Love's own name," I cried,
"Tell me of her," and he replied,
Slowly and in a reluctant tone,
As impelled by a power beyond his own:—

"Love's lineaments aright to paint
Earth's colours are too few and faint;
Earth's words are powerless to express
Love's all-surpassing loveliness.
Queenliest, fairest of the three,
With form of faultless symmetry,
Eyes, passionate, and pure, and bright,
That have looked through darkness into light;
Lips, Godlike in their power to bless
With more than human tenderness;

Hands, gentle, soft, yet strong to toil, Denying labour's power to soil, Cool on a burning brow to lay And drive delirious dreams away; Feet that will shun no steep, rough road Where she can bear another's load, Or lead men towards her own abode:—So shrined, did Love from day to day Rejoice to give herself away; Infusing her own warmth and grace Into earth's chilliest commonplace; For ever spending, never spent, With humblest garb and fare content; Yet lifelong, lowliest ministry Could not obscure her sovereignty.

"'Gainst her alone I strove in vain;
I made her path a path of pain;
For at my bidding Ingratitude
His sharp-edged granite before her strewed;
I caused unwholesome mists and damps
To rise from Envy's hidden swamps;
Whilst Discord's briery underwood,
Her every forward step withstood;

And Slander's venom tipped each thorn By which her tender flesh was torn; But bravely, with unswerving will, Though wounded she pressed upward still. So I showed as a contrast now and then A moss-grown path to some lovely glen, Where Pleasure wooed her awhile to rest, An honoured and a fêted guest: And I wove a subtle and secret snare To make her mine if she entered there. She looked, half longingly, with a sigh, But passed it by.

"I bethought me then that athwart her track Ran a mountain stream, so I dammed it back, Until the moment when she must cross; Then opened the floodgates of pain and loss: The waters rushed down with thunderous sound, And I thought that Love must indeed be drowned, That the torrent of trouble so deep and wild Had marred her beauty, her robes defiled, And quenched her light in its icy wave:—She savèd others, her who could save? But even as I gloried—of triumph secure, Love rose immortal, radiant, pure.

"Still I watch and wait to work her ill"-

His voice grew faint and then was still: Where was he? had he changed or gone? Twas Love whom now I gazed upon. But Love ill-clad and travel-stained, Weary, and full of wounds, whose smart She nor resented nor disdained To own, and pity filled my heart.

"O Love," I cried, "and is this thy lot, Discrowned, deserted, and forgot? Hast thou no home, no place of rest, 'Mongst all whom thou hast comforted? Alas! O Love, thou sufferest!"
"What matter if I save," she said.

By her calm dignity amazed,
I spoke again, "But Hope is crazed;
And now her songs cheat soul and sense."
"When disciplined and perfected
By patience and experience
'Hope maketh not ashamed,'" she said.

"Yet me she hath betrayed; bereft Of all she promised, I am left Alone with craving, empty hands. Her palace, like a dream has fled."
"Yet fair and firm thy palace stands,
Past disappointment's reach," she said.

"How know I this? Is not Faith blind? Hath she not failed her path to find? Wanders she not the sickly wraith Of her old self?" Love shook her head; "Nay, nay, not so; yet Faith is Faith, And walketh not by sight," she said.

"But far she sees; within her ken Lie heights and realms unscanned by men. Should she as goal aught earthly own, Then might'st thou be by her misled; But aiming straight at God alone, Faith leadeth not astray," she said.

"If then my treasure waits above, Say, will it be the same, O Love? Close clings my heart to old-time joys." "Would'st thou, as prize of manhood, spread Before a man his childhood's toys? Trust God, and wait His will," she said.

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"Friends are not toys," I cried. Love smiled With wondrous tenderness. "The child Outgrows his play, and leaves behind His playthings—not his playmates. Led By me, thy loved ones thou shalt find Immortal as thyself," she said.

I bowed my head; I bent my knee; "How did I dare to pity thee? Here at thy feet let me abide." "Nay, thou hast many steps to tread, And much to do ere eventide. Arise, the morning comes," she said.

And in the east, a far, faint ray, Chill, and unbeautiful, and grey, Rose the dawning light of another day.

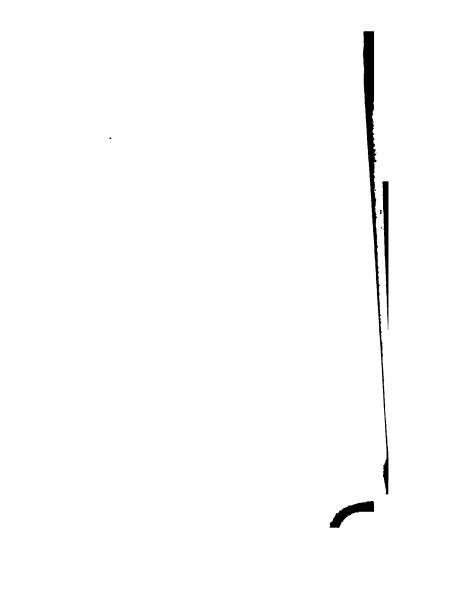
The morning comes:
Like a newborn babe in tears,
Like a penitent soul in a cloud of fears;
With a sense of loss and bewildered gloom
Such as Mary felt by the empty tomb:—

We shiver and shrink, and would fain sleep on; Not yet we believe that the night is gone; But the morning comes.

The morn has come:
Like a rosy, laughing boy;
Like a pardoned soul in its new-found joy;
With the rapture and wonder of hope which came
When the risen Lord spoke Mary's name:
We sing and exult, we can dare and do;
What shall daunt us now? Are not all things new
Now the morn has come?

Come clear noonday:
Like the life of a wise, strong man;
Like a holy soul who fulfils God's plan;
With our message of peace from our knees we rise;
And the white light grows as the red glow dies:—
We toil and achieve, and through struggle and strain
Life broadens and brightens until we attain
To the perfect day.

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